

The VIGILANTE

A MONTHLY PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

NOVEMBER 1925

"We Come in Search of Truth"

Vol. 3, No. 9

FEBRUARY '24S HEARD FROM

Snappy Rally Marks Class Day

They have continually assured us that they "ain't gonna be dead no more," and after watching them celebrate their Class Day, November 5, we'll have to concede that those February '24 Seniors have as much truth as poetry in their class song.

A class that starts the day with animated advertisements of its existence isn't totally devoid of the vital spark. Of that much we were convinced when we admired the very becoming hats worn by the class members. We were completely won over by the rally with which the day was ended.

The program, Varieties of February '24, was staged in a snappy style and went over well. The Bowery Belles did a modified, polite society version of their famous dance. Even so, many were the First Aiders who mentally reviewed their stuff lest some misplaced member of the Blue Law Brigade should find the strain too much and faint.

Frisky Freeman is a lively yell leader. How could her class help being anything but alive?

Jolly Joseph was there too, not as an athlete, but as an actress. Then, the very pleasing combination of Carolling Cox and Blithesome Burdick was a big "take."

The "wind-up" of the program took the form of a musical skit, written by one of the February '24's, one Margaret Hickey. The girls selected to "do" the roles were well picked. Claire Lewis was a charming heroine with a fine singing voice. She wore a very attractive beaded dress which contrasted unflatteringly with the setting. Zoa Meyer took honors as leading man.

Helen Mangan and Eva McEwen can certainly clog. And why! Oh why! doesn't Margaret Villalon sing for us a little oftener? Anona O'Leary's "lovely chorus laddies" were speedy types of collegiate manhood. The same young lady's "old-fashioned" damsels were very picturesque and pleasing to the eye.

"They ain't so dead no more."

Congratulations, President Cox.

San Jose vs. S. F.

There will be no game with San Jose this year. Instead there will be interclass basketball here at home. The date has not yet been set for the finals, but will be given out soon. Watch for it.

Thanksgiving

From that time, long ago, when Pilgrims landed on our shore
And established the foundation for our present nation;
When each little joy and happiness received from nature
Was given its appropriate appreciation and due thanks,
Until this day, when earth's fruits are taken for granted
And man-made wonders seem more grand than nature's works
And we put our backs and consider ourselves "just right,"
Has been a long, long time of great transition, of changes wonderful and amazing, frightening us to think of them,
But although we have become sophisticated
And appear to have forgotten all but our own powers,
We think of the coming Thanksgiving with reverence
And deep down in our hearts are praying and thanking that Being
Who makes and directs our lives, and the joys and wonders of living.

News of Former Students

We have heard from the following girls who were once student body members of S. T. C. We know that they are following out their good work in their schools.

Esther Aase, Hayward.
Carolyn Beadie, Kindergarten, Miss Merriman's School, Oakland, Calif.
Anna Beckowitz, San Francisco.
Hester Blaylock, Daly City.
Mrs. Alice Borland, Rural School, Mariposa County.
Merle Boyce, Kindergarten, McCloud, Calif.
Ethel Bryant, San Francisco.
Alice Clancy, San Francisco.
Ethel Collier, San Francisco.
Joan Conran, Kindergarten, Golden Gate Kindergarten Association.
Beatrice Edell, Martinez, Calif.
Bertha Ekos, San Francisco.
Loretta Fenn, San Francisco.
Marion Fulton, San Francisco.
Ada Hill, Kindergarten, Miss Place's School, Berkeley.
Lucille Hallett, Kindergarten, Bakersfield, Calif.
Christine Inman-Kane, Rural School, Los Angeles County.
Edna Johnson, Daly City.
Mrs. Marion Jones, Douglas City, Trinity County.
Pearl Kessler, Rural School, Siskiyou County.
Margaret King, Kindergarten, Novato, Calif., Marin County.
Edna Lom, Rural School, Marin County.
Mathilda Matthiesen, Grade Teacher and Special Music, Angels Camp, Calaveras County.
Frances Noone, San Francisco.
Clara Reed, Rural School, Marin County.
Gene Sannes, Rural School, Santa Cruz County.
Loretta Sweet, San Francisco.
Addie Trefz, Rural School, Kern County.
Lucille Walker, Kindergarten, San Francisco.
Jean Warren, San Ardo, Monterey County.
Anita Wilking, Sunol, Alameda County.
Bernice Wikfors, Westport, Mendocino County.
Evelyn Wilson, San Francisco.
Iris Young, Kindergarten, Lemoore, Kings County.
Bernice Zingel, Kindergarten, Rodeo, Contra Costa County.
Elizabeth Aurodau, Kindergarten, San Francisco.

How About More News!

Girls, if you know any news you think would be of interest to other girls and you haven't time to spread it around, leave a note in box 376 in order that the news editor may fulfill her duty.

Heard in the training school:

Miss Hazlewood: "Paul, who was Joan of Arc?"

Paul: "A French patriot."

Miss Hazlewood: "What is a patriot?"

Paul: "A loyal American citizen."

August 1924 Rally

That negro surely
Fooled you and me,
He's really "Clancy"—
Of S. T. C.

Viola's singing quite
Took the cake;
That is, it would have,
Had one been at stake.

These Mother Goose figures
We thought were a bluff
Are really quite modern,
And know well their stuff.

Collegians, Collegians,
Is it really that bad?
If it is, come to our school
Where it isn't so sad.

That little girl named Melva
Was sent in to entertain,
But from telling family secrets,
She could not quite refrain.

You can ask Vida
Concerning this fake;
We know that men never say
"For heaven's sake."

The tale of this rally
Has gone high and low,
They're even talking about it
In Faculty Row.

Oh, they're a very peppy class—
They're told so by the score,
But we guess that it's just because
They're August '24.

Annabel Hopping.

An Annual

Do we want an annual?

Well, from the chorus of assenting voices at the assembly on Wednesday, November 4, we all do, and if this support continues we are very likely going to have one. The approximate cost of each copy is two dollars. The somewhat startling figure is due to the fact that we are not allowed to have advertisements.

The program which followed the "free-for-all" discussion of the "annual" problem consisted of a very "touching" play entitled, "The Prince of Court Painters," and a cornet solo by Dorothy Petsch, who played "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," from the opera Samson and Delilah. She was accompanied by Emma Steinegger.

W. A. A. Dues

W. A. A. dues are fifty cents a section. Will members please pay Ida Hurliman promptly, as the trophies must be paid for.

CLUBS

W. A. A. Rally

On Wednesday, October 27, was held one of the snappiest rallies of the season. Aileen Clancy explained the reason for the cups for interclass basketball.

Every class has two teams that are to play a "Round Robin" tournament which will end with the final games. These are to be played just before Christmas, and the teams that win the finals will receive the trophies. There will be two cups, one for the winner of the 120-lb. games, and one for the unlimited team games.

From the showing at the rally the W. A. A. is confident of a successful basketball season.

Volley Ball

Those interested in starting volley ball as a sport get in touch with Miss Hale or any W. A. A. officer. Volley ball games will start after the Christmas vacation.

The Verse Club

There was a bird,
A funny bird—
It wasn't feathered;
It was furred.

The Verse Club, which is under the sponsorship of Miss Talbert, exists for the study of prose, poetry, drama and literature, as well as verse writing. According to Miss Talbert, the girls are enthusiastic and ambitious and hope, some day, to work out a school song. At present, the girls are working on Christmas verses and poems or jingles for the children.

The meetings of the club are held in Miss Talbert's office between one and two o'clock on Wednesdays. Any girl who is interested in a club of this kind is invited to join.

Faculty

When we saw Mr. Butler last week we wondered in what condition he left "the other fellow!"

Where was Dr. Rypins on October? Oh, addressing the Northern division of the California Teachers' Association.

Dr. Rypins also spoke for the Parents' Teachers Association on Fathers' night, held in the college assembly hall. Needless to say, his talk was enjoyed by all.

Mr. Butler (speaking of milk: "And now where is the center of consumption?")

Louise Frates: "Arizona."

Miss Hale: "McKenny, pick up those ninepins."

McKenny: "I can't Miss Hale. There are only four here."

QUESTION BOX

Editors Receive Responses To Recent Suggestions

The editors have received some more responses to the suggestions submitted by the students and alumni. Here are some of them:

Dear Editor:

How about the alumni news? We girls who used to go to S. T. C. get the paper just for the opportunity to keep in touch with what the other girls are doing. Won't you continue the Alumni Column?

J. A.

Dear J. A.:

We are glad to hear that you wish this column to be continued, as we were really seriously considering dropping it. Thanks for your request.

The Editor.

Dear Editor:

Will you please put more news into the Vigilante? — news that hasn't happened yet, but will happen after the paper is out, so that we will know what to expect.

B. K.

Dear B. K.:

The object of the paper is to put news, real news, into it. However, if we don't get the news until it is old, how can we put in the things that haven't happened yet? You ought to help us out by sending in what you know others don't know yet.

We're working on this point, for we want the paper to be a good, newsy one, but it takes so long between the time that the news goes in and the paper is finished that our news does get old.

The Editor.

Dear Editor:

In the last Vigilante I noticed several errors. It seems to me that you certainly aren't very careful when you read the proofs or you wouldn't let such mistakes slip by.

Signed, B. D.

Dear B. D.:

We noticed those mistakes ourselves, but let me assure you that it was not the result of carelessness, for we read the proofs thoroughly. The trouble is this: We are in such a hurry to get the paper back that we do not give the printers a fair chance to proof-read the material as they would like to. Obviously errors slip in. However, watch for improvements as a result of your suggestion.

Signed, The Editor.

ROSETTE

General Announcement

The editorial staff takes this opportunity to announce the continuance of the column started in the last Vigilante. Any girl having serious questions with which she does not feel able to cope is asked to put her problem in writing and place it in box 637 that Rosette may guide her safely over the rough spots. Rosette has had many rough voyages on the sea of life, and it is quite fitting that she now turn her interests toward the younger generation and act as a guardian angel of this school. Rosette asks that descriptions of the young gentlemen be made not too elaborate, as she isn't too old to fall.

Dear Rosette:

My loved one has forsaken me. Alas, I cannot reveal why. My charms must be failing, or is my beauty fading? Tell me, dear Rosette, what shall I do?

Forsaken.

My dear Forsaken:

As a suggestion, why not be more practical and not so melodramatic? That might help to keep the boy friend interested. Try this method and let me know the results.

Rosette.

P. S. You might try Listerine if the above method doesn't succeed.

Rosette.

Dear Rosette:

Have you ever heard of students losing their sanity as the result of too many quizzes? Put the answer in box 999.

Yours, M. M.

Dear M. M.:

Judging from the girl who occupies box 999, the answer is obvious.

Signed, Rosette.

Did any of you perchance hear the many buzzes around school last week about the gay dinner party at La Favorite? Well, anyway, there was a crowd of fifty girls from school who had a wonderful time.

Miss Holtz and Miss Squire were there. It certainly looked as if they enjoyed themselves. The hostesses of the evening were Bernice Perdue and Eunice Armstrong. After the dinner, the girls gaily trooped to the Granada theatre and saw Douglas MacLean in "The Seven Keys to Baldpate." The evening was suddenly drawn to a close when everyone clamored for homeward-bound street cars or the almost due 11:40 boat.

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Alumni

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Althea T.
Margaret

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The Midterms

A student was sailing the Sea of College. The waves whispered in her ear and told her all their secrets—tales of shipwrecks and of gold beneath the sea. As she listened to their stories she wondered what her fate would be. Would her ship be wrecked or would she find the treasure? Finally something loomed ahead—the Midterm. What was it, a rock or a beacon light? She approached it rather timorously, for she was very doubtful. As that girl passed by, she found that it was a place where one could best discover the weak spots in her ship, so that she might have them repaired and be more certain of safely reaching the Land of Knowledge.

Margaret Joyce.

In the Library

The other day I overheard two books on one of the library shelves talking to each other.

"Oh," sighed the first, "I don't know what's happened here at college. I haven't had a rest all section. Every night some girl has taken me home with her, propped me under a glaring light, and turned page after page until I had been thoroughly read and discussed from cover to cover. It's very hard on me."

"Stop complaining," rather crossly answered its companion. "You act as if you were the only one that is being treated in such a way. Why, a few days ago I heard Miss Holman say that nearly five hundred books went out. Don't you think they're all treated in the same way?"

Just then came a dull thud and when I looked around I saw the first book lying flat on its side, its cover partly open and its pages faintly fluttering. Turning, to find the reason for such a collapse, I discovered fifteen girls in line to look up words in the new dictionary. Then I, too, felt weak, and ran to find some less tumultuous place.

You can wander in the United States, but you must go to Italy to Rome.

From Peter's Pipes

Over three hundred years ago
When I was old
As the fragrant pine of
Plymouth,—
And yet no older
Than I am this day.
The sturdy fathers
Of this race,
For swaying corn
And turkeys wild
That meant their life,
Did breathe a prayer
In Thanksgiving!
There are some hearts
Today
That know not what it is
To feel the rush
Of gratitude
For bounties, riches,—
For all the benefits
They call their own.
And there are some who find
In some wee flower that blooms
Upon a wretched window sill
A prayer of deep thanksgiving,
And there are some who see
The less fortunate
Who walk these ways
In darkness or in pain—
And pity mingles
With the thanks
That that be not their lot.
The other day
I overheard
One whisper to her friend,
"Ah! Peter Pan—
To me, he is
As real
As life itself—"
The other answered,
"Aye—for what is he
But that we love—
Eternal youth!"
And then, Oh—
I found the prayer
For my thanksgiving—
It lay in their belief!
And so it is
Not big world things
We can be thankful for.
And so
It seems to me
That you should feel
The greatest thanks
There are
For being the elect to guide
The launching ships
Of those wee small souls
That are so dear
To me, your

(Signed) PETER PAN.

Who Is Peter?

Peter's pipes
Echo clear
Through the school
Ever near,
Right you're not.

Peter is no boy,
And, have you guessed: 'Tis
Natalie (Woolley.)

Another Alumni Meeting

Yes, yes, I saw you waving. I came as fast as I could. I injured someone for life trying to attain my goal. No, I wasn't in a hurry, but I didn't want you to reduce just one arm. It's not becoming. Oh, a letter. Well, I'm glad I hurried. From Georgia Gluesing. So she's in Sacramento handling primary grades. Not in the city, though? Oh, well, if she's near, that doesn't matter. And Vera Lyon and Oline Rogie are also holding forth there. My, Sacramento is a big county! All eight grades—please extend my sympathies to Edna Gladney. Gertrude Stewart! Honest? Not little Gertrude Stewart who used to run around the halls of S. T. C. So she's principal of a two-teacher school! And Edna and Gertrude both in Sacramento County.

Maxwell? That doesn't mean anything to me. Sacramento, too. Who did you say was there? Oh! Doris Toel. And so she has primaries. Not so dusty! Yes, I know that Mildred Asplund is now Mrs. Boiserie, but I hadn't heard about Marjorie Morrish. And so she is married. One gone. Ah, well.

Let me tell you some news now. Agnes O'Connell and Dorothy Steel are at the Lincoln School here in the city, and Lucille Walker is at the Rincon. And did I tell you that Edith Behrens has been appointed to the Parkside School? Yes, she has a first grade. Yes, at the Roosevelt—Norma Clark has not shown herself for some time. We almost got here in time for all the news. The meeting is called to order. Oh, wait. Edith King is at the Juniperro Serra. Did you know that? That woman didn't have to turn and glare. I was going to stop in a minute.

School Song

(Save this song for the next assembly)

Oh, we're a school that's up and coming,

Each year we grow a little more,
With eyes fixed on the horizon.

We see the thing we're looking for,

And that is to keep alive within us
The vision which no error mars

Of truth, that we may all be able
To teach the young to see the stars.

Oh, yes, we let the children master
The skills of pen and tongue and mind,

But greater far than these is something

Without which every man is blind,
Old S. T. C. we're proud to carry

Your message through this land
Of ours;

We'll always bear in mind your vision

And teach them how to see the stars.

Big Sister Talks

All of the differences between high school and college are not obvious at a glance. There is one which causes the old as well as the new student a great deal of trouble. This difference, which is a lack of responsibility on the part of the student, is an outgrowth of her high school and elementary training. The twelve years she has spent in preparation have failed to give her a sense of responsibility. Since entering school she has been told what to do and when to do it. Teachers were rulers, not fellow-students, as they are here.

On entering college, a student who does not have a sense of responsibility will probably feel like a lost ship. She will have a chart which maps out her course, an ocean, and a ship to sail in, but where, oh, where, are her anchor and compass? Her anchor, or mother, is probably at home many miles away. Her compass, or teacher, no longer considers herself a guide but a fellow sailor. The freshman without this equipment wanders from shore to shore, unable to follow her course or anchor her boat. Yet all is not lost. She may be taken in tow by a passing boat and brought to shore.

You are probably surprised, new student, to find that you have an opportunity to use your time as you please. Few rules are given so that few rules will be broken. The lack of rules makes it still harder for an irresponsible student to steer her course, because rules are like rocks which make it necessary for the ship to follow a certain course. One sign of a lack of responsibility is to put off doing your work until the last minute. Cutting classes and tardiness are two bad habits which tempt a new student. They are easily formed but difficult to break. These three things, tardiness, cutting, and postponing, are not only common among freshmen, but are practiced by upper classmen as well.

It is difficult for a high school graduate to step into the shoes of a teacher, and that is what she is expected to do. She must think of herself as a model for Tommy whose course she is going to steer. The sooner she feels her responsibility, the sooner she is capable of guiding little ships. If you are tempted to cheat or talk in class, think of Tommy. Would you want him guided on a crooked course mapped out by yourself? If you do not want to cause any shipwrecks, get a hold on your responsibility. Let it discipline and guide you or you will not be able to guide others.

(To be continued)

Lies have no legs—that's why we have to stand for them.

History of San Francisco State Teachers College

Chapter IV.

The Guild is a formal graduation ceremony performed by all the members of the teachers' craft in the San Francisco State Teachers College. From an uncertain beginning, it evolved, probably about 1907. Dr. Burk was the originator of the idea, the ceremony being written in collaboration with Anna Wiebald and Allison Ware. They compiled appropriate verse and prose from the world's literature. Dr. Burk, however, having world vision and love of romance, was not satisfied. New thoughts which would have a more definite and beautiful appeal were continually coming to him. Up to 1913 Guild was held in the assembly hall of the Normal School.

Between 1912 and 1913 the text of the ceremony was almost completely rewritten by Dr. Burk, Mr. Valentine, and Miss Olson, an assistant on the faculty. She composed the sentimental passages concerning childhood and womanhood.

With an increase of enrollment, adequate space was needed, for the assembly hall, which originally held two hundred and fifty persons, was remodelled to hold still fewer. Therefore, the Scottish Rite Auditorium on Van Ness avenue and Sutter street was used.

In 1915 Dr. Burk so interested in the Guild Abbie Gerish-Jones that she suggested and wrote original music for it. For two or more years her music was used exclusively. Then, Dr. Burk felt that the old recognized classical melodies—such as Brahms' Lullaby—have through familiarity a great appeal to the heart, thus making them more appropriate in parts of the Guild. Hence many of Abbie Gerish-Jones' musical parts were replaced by the old melodies. In the present ceremony both her music and that of the old classics are sung. From 1916 on Guild has been produced in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, California.

The success of the Guild is due largely to Miss Levy. Since its very inception she has been its genius, not only as choral director, but also as upholder of its ideals.

(To be continued)

Introducing Big Sister

Have you wondered who Big Sister is? Then it is no more than fair for me to tell you. She is none other than Dorothy Billings herself. Would you ever have guessed it?

The direct route to the funny bone—laugh up your sleeve.

Where there's a will there's a law suit.

PERSONALS

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Inman Kane (our former nature-study teacher) have a baby girl, Joan Lee, born late in October.

It is said that Rebecca Melnetsky was eulogized for ten minutes by an illustrious faculty member. How do they do it?

Wanted — An adding machine. Mrs. Craig needs one to calculate the absences of Ethel Kleinhans.

Yolanda Yetter is engaged. To whom? Why, Mr. Patrick Henry O'Brien.

Lucille Da Valle is in the hospital with mastoid trouble. We all hope she will be with us again soon.

If any more girls adopt the new hair-cut, someone will mistake S. T. C. for a boys' school.

Have you seen the art exhibit? Ask Vida; she'll let you wear it.

Beauty in a Nut Shell

After reading the few following helpful beauty suggestions school teachers will be able to read Chaucer's bed-time stories without fearing the consequences of the wrinkles otherwise so ruinous to their creamy complexions.

Firstly, soak the face in boiling water for half an hour. A dash of Luxo is guaranteed not to fade the complexion. Now remove the face from the water and rub vigorously with a Turkish towel. Having accomplished the preliminaries, we are now ready for the portrait. Run the lawnmower over the eyebrows; it will give a very rakish effect. Those girls who accompanied Dr. Biddle to Chabot Observatory may have been fortunate enough to catch some of the falling meteors; consequently they will have no difficulty in cultivating a star-like gaze. Rose petals glued to the cheeks are most unique. Pearly tusks may be purchased at Woolworth's for the exorbitant sum of fifteen cents.

For those unfortunates suffering with the Cyrano de Bergerac type of nose, it has proved most successful to wear a pincher clothes pin nightly and to twitch the nose thrice to the left and once to the right, upon rising in the morning.

These suggestions have been collected at the cost of a great amount of time from many of our leading stars and beauty contest winners.

By the way, girls — Hollywood just sent out a call for more beauties. Better get busy.

The penitentiary is no place for a journalist. It takes too long to complete a sentence.